

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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## THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

### CHAPTER XII. "TRUST ME FOR ALL IN ALL."

HELEN shrank, breathless and blushing, from her lover's embrace, as she repeated, wondering, his words:

"No parting for us?"

"None, dearest. Don't look so scared. Nothing that I say ought to frighten you."

"Nothing does," she said quietly; but the hand which he was pressing close to his side trembled for all that; "and nothing that anybody could say can frighten me now; but I don't understand."

"I will explain while we walk on. There is not a moment of our precious time to lose. This letter from your father's solicitors makes a great difference to you; not as you take it to mean, but as I do. If Mr. Townley Gore really had money of yours in his keeping, and was accountable to you, or to anyone representing you, for it, he would never lose sight of you, depend upon it. He would feel that a point of honour. But we now know that he has not any such trust, and he must have talked of that money which ought to have been yours merely for the purpose of asserting authority over you."

"Oh no, Frank; I think not," remonstrated Helen. "Mr. Townley Gore was really good to me, and he must have known I should find that pretext out some day."

"Of course; but if it served his purpose in the meantime, he would not mind that, you know. It is perfectly easy to see through his motives, though I can easily believe that he was what you call 'good' to you, darling little angel that you are,

and you might have borne the life there very well if he could have had his own way. He wanted to fulfil your father's trust, of course. Any man would under the circumstances, and it would have been unpleasant for him if they had gone back without you, and it had been made plain that the burst of generosity had lasted a very short time; so he very naturally would not let you go; but it would not last, my darling—it would not last."

"I do not want it to last; I want to leave them; but I cannot think he calculated in that way."

"How should you think so? How should you think anything but that all the world is as white-winged as yourself? But I know the world as it is, my angel, and it is not white-winged at all. You would have been more and more unhappy; and one fine day, when the experiment had lasted long enough to enable them to say that you were incorrigibly headstrong and ungrateful, you would have had the truth told you, that you had nothing in the world but their bounty to depend on, and you would have been provided for, according to their notions of gentility, in one of the ways we talked of on that forever-blessed day at the Louvre."

"But that is what I want, Frank."

"And that is what shall never be. You have promised to be mine, Helen, sooner or later; and you will trust me, will you not now, and in all things?"

"I will, indeed. I do, indeed."

If ever there was perfect confidence expressed in a woman's face and voice, it shone on Frank Lisle then, and sounded in his ears.

"You will come away from them to me; you will exchange the home that has been made miserable to you by the

tyranny of that woman, for the home, hidden and humble though it must be for a while, that I will provide for you, and that will have love to adorn it? Say you will, dearest; you have given me the dear assurance of your love too often for me to doubt that you will trust me altogether."

"Yes; but I don't know what you mean. You said, when you told me—what it made me so very happy to hear"—a radiant smile lighted the face into which he looked so ardently!—"that you could not marry me for perhaps a long time, and that in the meantime no one, not even Jane, must know. And I was quite content, far more than content; nothing could do me any more harm, I knew, because you loved me. Why do you say I am to come to you now that I am poorer even than we thought, when you said then that we must wait for better days? Are you any richer, Frank?"

"I am. I have had a stroke of luck; you would not understand how, without a long explanation, and there is not time for that. And it is your being poorer that gives us this chance, for Mr. Townley Gore will not trouble himself about you for long, as he has no accounts to settle with you. There need be no miserable parting and wearisome time of separation for us, my Helen, if you will trust me now. 'Trust me for all in all, or not at all,' is a true saying. I am very, very much to you, am I not?"

There was a soft persuasiveness in his tone, in his touch, in his eyes, infinitely alluring, and she answered him almost in a whisper:

"You are all the world to me!"

He knew that very well, and triumphed in the knowledge.

"Listen then. The difficulty in my way was not that of money only; there is another obstacle, but it does not concern myself alone; it is another person's secret, and I would rather not explain it just now."

"You never need tell me a single word about it."

"Did I not tell you that you are an angel? I take you at your word. I have good reason to believe that I shall not have to contend with this obstacle for very long; that any sacrifice I shall ask you to make for me will be shortlived."

"A sacrifice, and for you? I am quite ready, Frank. What is it? You puzzle me more and more."

"The sacrifice of keeping our marriage secret, my darling! Secret only for a little

while, just as you promised that our engagement should be kept secret. I will take you away from these people and place you in safety and comfort, and then I shall have to go to England for a few days, but you shall be well cared for while I am away, and when I return we shall never part again. You will not refuse, Helen; are you not mine already by every sacred promise, and because you love me and I love you? Ah, how happy we shall be! No more misery and dependence for you, my beautiful treasure, but the happiest life that love can make for you."

"But—but—" she was clinging to his arm, and in tears—"this cannot be. I could not leave them in this way."

"Not for me, Helen? You could not brave their displeasure—and you will never know anything about it—for me? Is this your love? Is this your trust? I have told you why I cannot make myself known to the Townley Gores; I have fully explained that."

At this crisis of her fate some dim idea that the interests of his friend ought to give way to the more urgent consideration of herself did get itself into Helen's mind for a moment, but it was expelled by the influence that is stronger than self-preservation.

"And I have told you why our marriage must be kept secret for a time."

He had done nothing of the kind, but she never thought of that.

"How can this be done if you do not leave the Townley Gores without their knowledge, and trust me to settle everything for you?"

She asked in great agitation, would it not be better to wait until the reason for secrecy should have ceased, and then to act openly? After all, she was a free agent.

"That is what I am urging," said Mr. Lisle, with the touch of passionate impatience that is singularly charming to a woman's fancy. "You are free—free to do what I ask, what I implore, what will make me happier than any king or prince in all the world. And you will not listen to me; you put me off with petty objections about people who will forget you in a day, and would not care what had become of you for five minutes! Ah, Helen, if you call this love, these scruples, this timidity, this hesitation to cast in your lot with mine, to face life with me, who am almost as much alone in the world as you are yourself, you have very little notion of what love means."

"Oh Frank, do not say that; say anything but that; I cannot bear it!"

"How can I say, how can I think anything else, when you coldly oppose my plan for securing our happiness? Is life so long or so certain that we can afford to lose an hour of it, or to put an hour of it in peril? Is there anything in it so dear and precious as our love? What is anything else to us?"

His hand clasped hers, and he spoke hurriedly, the eyes whose pleading was so irresistible making themselves felt, though her own were downcast. Mr. Lisle's previous experience in the art of love-making had not familiarised him with such perfect innocence and trustfulness as Helen's, but he knew those qualities when he saw them, and he wooed the beautiful ignorant girl, through them, with consummate skill. And this was not altogether only art, and the pleasant sense of exercising it, for she had really charmed him very completely, and in a way which was entirely novel. He mingled with his protestations of love, and his worship of her beauty, pictures of a fair and tranquil life, in which she was to play the part of help-mate and good angel to a hard-working artist who should value the fame he was to win only as a tribute to be laid at her feet. He drew a picture of the romance of their secret marriage; they would be free, and what freedom was to compare with that? He returned to the well-worn, ever-delightful, never-exhausted theme of their first meeting, reminded her of the air of destiny that attended it, and claimed it as destiny. He touched every chord of her fancy and her heart, and as he spoke the words which made the finest of poems to her ear, in the voice that was the sweetest of music, her scruples vanished, her reluctance was overcome, and the sacrifice that her lover asked of her, and which she but dimly comprehended, seemed small to the innocent eyes in which he was a hero.

When it was time for them to part, Mr. Lisle exerted himself seriously to restore Helen's composure. To get rid of his fear that the signs of emotion in her tell-tale face would be observed, he had to remind himself that no one was likely to regard her with discriminating eyes. They parted, as usual, at the entrance to the Bois, and a little incident occurred which gave Helen an almost childish pleasure, dominating the tumult in her heart. It was cold, and she was not very warmly clothed; she wanted to pin her veil round her throat, and Frank Lisle fastened the veil with his

breast-pin; it was a small cameo, a head of Apollo, very finely carved.

"My first gift," he said, "and a poor one. My second shall be a plain gold ring."

Helen hurried away towards her home; but Frank Lisle re-entered the Bois, paced one of the allées for a while in deep cogitation, and then, having apparently made up his mind on some point, walked briskly off in the direction of Neuilly.

Helen went home like a person in a dream, and yet with such acute perception of everything around her, that all her life afterwards she would be able to recall the look of the broad avenue, the houses, the horses and their riders, the vehicles that passed her, the sky, the feel of the air, the noises of the morning, and how, when she reached the house, she saw Zamore lying on the window-sill of the concierge's lodge, exactly where he could profit by the sunshine and escape the wind. Helen paused to stroke Zamore, who yawned and stretched himself as if he liked it, and to enquire for Madame Devrient. She was glad it was not Devrient to whom she had to put her questions, for she disliked him, but that black-eyed handsome niece of his wife's, who always reminded her of a leopard in a cage. Delphine was happy to tell mademoiselle that her aunt was much better—so much better indeed that Delphine was going away on the following day. Mademoiselle was very good to notice Zamore; his mistress would be honoured. And while she said those few words Delphine had ample opportunity to observe that mademoiselle was wearing an ornament which had formed no part of her attire when she had gone out, and that the added ornament was a gentleman's breastpin.

Whether the stroke of luck which had enabled Mr. Lisle to avail himself, for the furtherance of his own purposes, of the information conveyed in Messrs. Simpson and Rees's letter to Helen, would prove to be a stroke of luck for her as well, it would be for time to tell; at the present it seemed ominous of disaster. She had no notion of its nature, though the very phrase would have conveyed one to a person only a little more skilled in the world's ways than herself. The "stroke" had come from the quarter whence Mr. Lisle was in the habit of trying his "luck," the gaming-table. He was a gambler, and had the recklessness of nature that generally accompanies that vice, when a gambler is not a swindler also, and possessed of the phlegm and caution

requisite for the double character. Mr. Lisle was "indifferent honest," as men are counted in a world which does not hold the thirst for unearned money to be dishonest, and living for pleasure to be unmanly. Hitherto, he had not had any higher aspirations, and though he had sometimes been forced to pay the cost of his pursuits, he had never counted it. To shut his eyes to consequences was easy and natural to him, and he shut them now, when he was about to play a game on which was staked all the future of a beautiful and innocent girl. But he was in love with the girl, and that was the chief fact of the case in his eyes—the interest to which every other must give way. If he lost her, he would be in despair; by which he meant that he would feel uncomfortable, savage, and bored for a short time.

And he had the best reason for knowing that if she were left with the Townley Gores, she must be lost to him. He had never intended this; but when had he ever intended any of the foolish things he had done before this? He had seen her but twice when he reminded himself that he could not marry her, and his only idea had been to indulge in the sight of a pretty face—an amusement to which he was always partial—and to lay up materials for the satisfaction of a certain private grudge. The coincidence of Mrs. Stephenson's letters, to which Helen frequently and gratefully recurred, was not a stranger one than that of which she knew nothing—the coincidence by which Helen enabled him to satisfy that grudge. But he had taken no account of his passions or his recklessness, and they scattered his feeble and only "half-bad" intentions like chaff before the wind.

A few days later, and he was what he called "madly in love" with the beautiful girl who believed in him so implicitly; and he was not misled by vanity, of which he had his full share, when he perceived that she loved him. Then everything was forgotten, flung aside, except the passion of the moment—love, and the passion that was permanent—play. Unhappily the one came to the help of the other.

Frank Lisle had had good reason to knit his brows over his note-book on the day when Helen's destiny threw her in his way; he had seldom been in what he called "a deeper hole" than at that moment; but from that moment the luck turned, and, with such safety as a gambler can ever be said to have, he was at present safe. The exhilaration of success

rendered him more charming, more irresistible than ever. The poor child's absolute belief in him, her romantic notion of him as a genius struggling with difficulty, and, maybe, with envy, pleased this young man of elastic conscience as if it had been founded on fact. She, too, would be wretched if they were parted. Who could tell what the chances of the future might bring about? And so the die was cast.

Mr. Lisle had changed his mind on more than one point of his former meditations. Not only did he relinquish the "safety" that he had declared to himself resided in the conviction that his marrying Helen would mean irretrievable ruin, but he ceased to believe that if he could, and did, marry her he would "of course" be sorry for it.

And now, after he had recklessly declared his love, and won from her a confession of her own, and a consent to a secret engagement, there had come the letter about Helen's money, and removed the great obstacle between them. He knew the people she had to deal with. If he managed it cleverly, they would not interfere, having no bonds of sheer businesslike honour to her; and he would put all his mind to managing it cleverly.

As Frank Lisle walked towards Neuilly, he was as busy with details of contrivance as a fabricator of plays who has an order for an adaptation in a hurry, and the reckless pleasure of the scheme mingled with and enhanced the elation of his triumph. If all, not only in the immediate present, but in the future, went well with him, his imagination pictured a day of surprise and revenge of the quiet and sarcastic kind that suited his humour.

Did he then mean to make Helen his wife? He believed that he meant to do so, if certain possibilities which were ahead of him just then should become realities; if they did not—why, then, at the worst, Helen should always be well-cared for, and she could not fail to be far happier than she was in her present position.

#### THE SUDDEN GROWTH OF GREAT TOWNS.

Nothing is more characteristic of the wonderful age in which we live than the sudden growth of our great towns. They seem almost to revive the oriental stories of the palaces which arose at the touch of a talisman or at the waving of a wand. The last few decades of our century have been

fertile beyond example in the rise and expansion of new communities. In many time-honoured cities all over the world there are great demolitions and immense improvements and reconstructions. In every old town there is a new town, which is rising or has risen by its side. It is calculated that to London alone a population is added equivalent to the creation of a new city.

We propose to bring together some striking instances of this remarkable phenomenon, mainly limiting ourselves to our own country, or, at least, to our countrymen.

In speaking of the sudden rise of great towns, we could, if our limits permitted, draw an extraordinary amount of illustrations from America. The town which is the most remarkable of all in connection with our subject is unquestionably Chicago. More than twenty years ago it was visited by Mr. Cobden, who declared that the two sights which most impressed him in America were Chicago and Niagara. Since Cobden's time the development has been tremendous, and this despite the fact that Chicago was burnt down since the period of his visit. It was calculated that at least ten years would be necessary to restore the city, but this was completely done within three. The unrivalled position of the place goes far to account for its pre-eminence. It is situated on the side of one of the great lakes, the chain of vast inland waters, with the command of the St. Lawrence river and the Erie canal, and is the terminus of some of the most important of the American railways. It is the emporium of all kinds of industries. Above all, it is the centre of great agricultural interests. Especially it is Porkopolis, a title once given to Cincinnati, but which now seems to belong exclusively to Chicago. The statistics of Chicago for the year 1880 have recently been published. They illustrate the mushroom rapidity of the huge city's growth. A hundred and sixty millions of bushels of grain were brought into the city last year. Ten years before the amount had been sixty millions, and with all this enormous increase, we are told that the prospects of continuous expansion are greater than ever. Thousands of warehouses and dwelling-houses have been erected during the past twelve months. Five million four hundred thousand head of hogs were slaughtered there during the past year, and the Chicago journals cheerfully tell us that "the livestock trade of their young city is still

in its infancy." Chicago is the head of a vast agricultural region of some three hundred and eighty millions of acres of the best land in the world, and the amount of farm produce brought in last year amounted to sixty millions of pounds. It is highly probable that before many years are over Chicago will be the biggest city upon the American continent. It must also be said in its honour that it has dealt most successfully with the moral and political problems created by the sudden creation of an immense population. With all our modern zeal and appliances, the Old World is still lagging behind the New as regards the satisfactory solution of such problems. Chicago is a city of parks and gardens and wide open spaces. All the needs of education and religion are satisfied in the most careful and ample manner.

All through North America may be found examples of the sudden rise of great towns. A curious instance of this was lately given by Sir Henry Bessemer, who stated, that while travelling through Illinois he came upon a new town that bore his own name. One very curious phenomenon attends the development of new communities in the States. In the old world we have the towns already, and the question of a railway is determined by the amount of traffic between the towns. But in the United States the railway is generally pushed on first, and town after town springs up along the line. In the instance of the Union Pacific Railway, town after town emerged in this way, until the line came out on San Francisco, which, the offspring of the gold mines and seaboard, would itself form a most remarkable illustration of the sudden growth of great towns.

Glasgow is the town which in Europe has had the most rapid development. It claims, and not without reason, to be the second city of the empire. Its population, including the neighbouring burghs, which have sprung up of late for the convenience of its people, is calculated at three-quarters of a million. Yet it is an old town, which had a place in history before it took its sudden start. The river Clyde has been the great source of its prosperity. Yet it is not so many years ago that the Clyde could be forded on foot a dozen miles below the city.

The union between England and Scotland laid the solid foundation of the prosperity of Glasgow. It placed every Scottish port on an equal footing with the English ports, and

threw open the West Indian and American trade. The union was stoutly resisted by the Glasgow people, who were fighting blindly, but with happy ill-success, against the splendid future of the place. When the first scheme of a dock at Dumbarton was formed the Dumbarton folk objected, because "the great influx of marines and others would raise the price of provisions to inhabitants." Seven millions of money have been spent on the river Clyde.

It was not till 1867 that the first dock was constructed in Glasgow itself. There appears to be no limit to the possible expansion of the town. As in Edinburgh, but to a still more remarkable extent, a new town has grown up and overshadowed the old one. Even in the old town itself there have been marvellous changes within our own observation of recent years. Nothing could exceed the squalor, misery, disease of the courts and wynds. The Salt Market and the High Street might have been the opprobrium of Christendom. There has been very considerable improvements within recent years, though much still remains to be done. The Salt Market has returned to much of that older respectability which it had in the days of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, in Scott's immortal story, and the public health has improved. The death-rate has materially diminished. The site of the old university has become a railway station, and a new and magnificent college has been erected upon the western heights. The magnificent cathedral remains, the stateliest landmark of the old town. Western Glasgow, the new town, is one of the most magnificent of modern cities, and its rise and progress form one of the most striking chapters of modern development. In the development of the city, we ought to speak of that far extended territory which Glaswegians speak of as "Down the River," which extends to the broad estuary of the Clyde and the lochs and fiords which run up amid the lochs, and which are now studded with the countless homes and resorts of the urban population.

The district in all England which chiefly exhibits the sudden increase of great towns is, without doubt, Lancashire. It shows on a large scale both the increase of great towns, and also their sudden rise. Manchester and Liverpool are, of course, the two most magnificent examples in Lancashire. It should be noted, however, that Manchester is, in point of fact, one of our most ancient towns, going back to the Mame-

cester of the Saxons. In the fifteenth century it had a collegiate church, which, within living memory has become a cathedral. Its modern expansion has been remarkable.

Manchester has always maintained a great place in our political history. It figures in the Civil Wars; it was occupied both by the elder and the younger Pretender in the first half of the last century; there was the famous Peterloo affair in 1819; and what is called the Manchester school has been a most powerful element in modern political life. Our greatest modern writers have been wonderfully impressed by Manchester, and have made some striking allusions to it. Lord Beaconsfield says: "What Art was to the ancient world, Science is to the modern—the distinctive faculty. In the records of men the useful has succeeded to the beautiful. Instead of the city of the Violet Crown, the Lancashire village has expanded into a mighty region of factories and warehouses. Yet, rightly understood, Manchester is as great a human exploit as Athens." Lord Macaulay, in a well-known passage, writes: "It was mentioned by the writers of the time of Charles the Second as a busy and opulent place. Cotton had, during half a century, been brought hither from Cyprus and Smyrna; but the manufacture was in its infancy. That wonderful emporium, which in population and wealth far surpasses capitals so much renowned as Berlin, Madrid, and Lisbon, was a mean and ill-built market town, containing under six thousand people. It had not then a single press. It now supports a hundred printing establishments. It then had not a single coach. It now supports twenty coachmakers." A generation has passed since Macaulay wrote these words, and the story of progress has become still more striking. Manchester may now be said to consist of a whole congerie of towns. The area of the place is continually being enlarged, and new suburbs and new villas spring up within half-a-dozen miles of the Exchange. Salford, on the other side of the Irwell, with a population very considerably above a hundred thousand, might strictly be cited as the case of a sudden rise of a great town, but its continuity with Manchester is unbroken; thus for our purpose we include it under the same head.

Liverpool, on the other hand, has no such long history as Manchester. It is entirely a modern growth. It has no mention in Doomsday. It does not even get a mention in the map till the seventeenth century.

Its contribution to the Royal Navy was fixed at a single vessel and half-a-dozen men. A petition was presented to Queen Elizabeth by the burgesses, in which they speak of "Her Majesty's poor decayed town of Liverpool," and Dr. Smiles reminds us that when Charles the First demanded ship-money, Liverpool was let off with fifteen pounds, while Chester was assessed at a hundred, and Bristol at a thousand.

After the Civil Wars, Liverpool made a start. It was found that the Mersey afforded a bold and safe harbour, "which said river is navigable for many miles, and affords abundance of all sorts of fowl and fish, especially great quantities of lampreys and smelts of the largest size, so plentifully taken that they are commonly sold at twenty a penny." The West Indian trade made a prosperous business for Liverpool. Cotton and sugar were the great staples. As in the case of Bristol, the traffic in African slaves was a great item of commerce. The first dock was opened in the year 1700. Liverpool has now six miles of docks, from north to south.

Liverpool has founded a whole set of towns, great and small, which have rapidly arisen on the river shore of the Mersey or on the coast of the Irish Channel.

Birkenhead, which is practically a portion of Liverpool, is of modern birth, the result of the commerce of Liverpool and the development of the railway system. So late as 1818, it was a little village with about fifty inhabitants. In that year Mr. Laird, a Liverpool shipbuilder, bought a few acres of land on the borders of a swampy stream which empties itself into the Mersey, called Wahasey Pool. He paid for the land fourpence a yard. Five years later he sold the Liverpool property at the rate of three shillings a yard. Nine years later he was glad to buy it back at the rate of ten shillings a yard, so that the value of the land had increased fortyfold. The Lairds bought six hundred thousand additional yards, and asked Mr. Rendell to build their docks, which were eventually transferred to the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board. Land in the neighbourhood of Liverpool can command five hundred pounds an acre, in the town itself three thousand pounds an acre, and sometimes more than fifty guineas the square yard!

Perhaps the most striking instance of sudden growth in all England is that of Barrow-in-Furness. In the beginning of the century there was only a single house on the peninsula on which Barrow now

stands. "There are," says Murray's Guide, "but few instances of so sudden a creation of a place of commercial importance." The Furness country used to be chiefly noted for its lovely scenery and the magnificent ruins of its great abbey. The poets and painters, as witness the illustrious instance of William Wordsworth, loved the sweet scenery of the river Duddon and of Morecambe Bay. The little seaside village, with its wooden pier and few fishermen's cottages, has been converted into a vast busy town. Furness Abbey was a great place of pilgrimages, as indeed it still is. But the abbey has no longer an undivided interest; the most striking phenomena of modern life now rival the most striking relics of the historic past. Formerly the convent was one of the richest of the monastic foundations. It possessed the whole of the peninsula on which Barrow now stands, and it had large estates in Yorkshire and in Cumberland. The boundary-wall of the abbey enclosed an area of sixty-five acres, in which were bakeries, malt-kilns, breweries, granaries, gardens, fish-ponds, and all the other appurtenances of a rich and luxurious conventual establishment. It is said that even in those days the monks made some use of the iron mines of Furness, and even traded to foreign countries in ships of considerable burden. The monks erected two furnaces for smelting iron ore in Walden island close by. As for Barrow, it was a lonely island separated from the mainland by a narrow channel, and so called because it was a famous burying-place for the northmen, or "a barrow," as the recognised term is. Barrow is now one of the most famous smelting-places in the world. It is famous for the conversion of "pig-iron" into Bessemer steel, and as on our railways steel is rapidly supplanting iron, there is no likelihood of the Barrow industries failing. The channel between the island and mainland has been converted into docks by enclosing each end. They are splendid docks, and from the great natural advantages, their construction has been marvellously cheap. The cost is calculated at three hundred thousand pounds, but no docks on such a scale have been completed for so small a sum. The great cause of the development of the place is the existence of the immense iron mines, resembling those of Essen in Germany and Creuzot in France. But there is a perfect agglomeration of industries at Furness—shipbuilding, foundries, engineering works, corn, flax, and jute mills. Within a gene-

ration the town has expanded from a population of four hundred, to one of forty thousand. One striking incident may be cited to illustrate the rapidity of its growth. In the month of September, 1878, four churches were consecrated in a single day. It is hardly too much to say that Barrow has advanced at a more rapid rate than any other town in England. Mr. Gladstone has thus spoken of Barrow: "I am sure the whole circle of productive industry and trade cannot produce a similar picture, and how extraordinary it is that in what we call an old country like this there is so much youth; that there is still an energy that develops and expands itself with a rapidity so extraordinary that, if we can suppose former times to have been capable of such a movement, the present state of England, as to industry and trade, would have been I know not how many hundredfold what it is." It is a remarkable circumstance that Barrow mainly owes its prosperity to the exertions of a single individual—Mr. Ramsden—whose statue has been raised in his lifetime as a memorial of his great peaceful achievements.

Blackburn is another of the great Lancashire towns. It has increased its population fifteenfold in the course of a century. It has a great place of its own in the industrial history of our country. Here John Hargreaves, the weaver, made his famous discovery of the spinning-jenny. He was obliged to fly the place on account of a hostile mob. It is remarkable that Blackburn has been fertile in practical mechanics, who have greatly developed the power-loom. Mr. Peel, the grandfather of the famous Premier, might be called the founder of the present factory system. His son, the first baronet, was born in a house in Fish Lane.

There is one town—Widnes—which is extremely new. It dates from 1847, when a Mr. Hutchinson established alkali works there. In alkaline and chemical works it now comes next to Newcastle-on-Tyne. A new and growing industry, the formation of silicate of soda, is carried on here. Its chief use is by glass manufacturers, who, by fusing the silicate of soda with different proportions of lime, sand, and colouring matter, can obtain glass of any hue or quality. The silicates are balls of flint or sand. A great deal might be said of the expansion of towns through the possession of some special industry.

Many further illustrations of our subject

might be found in South Wales. Starting westward from Bristol, as we proceed along the northern waters of the Bristol Channel, all the way from Bristol to Milford Haven and Pembroke Docks, we meet with instances of the sudden growth of towns. Cardiff is, no doubt, the most striking instance of all. At one time it ranked simply as "a creek" of Bristol. At the time of the American War of Independence minerals were brought down on the backs of horses and mules to the little wharf. Its sudden growth was chiefly owing to the energy and enterprise of the Marquis of Bute. The marquis possessed two great properties. The one was some five-and-twenty thousand acres of the wild Glamorganshire hills, which, nevertheless, were teeming with mineral resources, and also a stretch of desolate moorland in front of the old-fashioned town and ivied castle of Cardiff. For any communication between the hills and the seaboard, there was only the canal that dropped from lock to lock, until it fell into a sea-pool which was then considered something wonderful by the Cardiffians. In 1830 the marquis obtained a Bill for the construction of a dock. Nine years later, what is called West Dock was opened.

Nine years later the marquis died, leaving an infant heir; but, intent on his design of making Cardiff a great seaport, he left his estates to trustees to carry out his plans. There were great public works at Cardiff during the long Bute minority, and extension and expansion are constantly going on. At the commencement of the century the population of Cardiff was barely a thousand. At the new census, with the suburbs, it will hardly be less than a hundred thousand. Not many years ago there was a little country village called Roath, a somewhat extreme suburb of Cardiff. It is now an integral portion of Cardiff—the west end—with a population of many thousands, and with that population constantly increasing. There was a quaint little city near Cardiff—Llandaff, the seat of an ancient bishopric, and it has always been argued by the Llandaffians, although, we believe, incorrectly, that the fact that it was a bishop's see, rendered the village a city. But whether village or city, it has now been swallowed up by the outgrowth of Cardiff.

The great instrument which has thus changed South Wales is the smokeless anthracite coal in this South Wales basin, whose coalfield extends over some twelve hundred square miles. If we go from the

ports to the coal-producing regions, we find that town after town has sprung up with mushroom rapidity. We have seen wonderful sights in passing through the valley of the Rhondda, and the Aberdare and Merthyr valleys. The Rhondda Valley Railway comes to one new town after another at such rapid intervals that it requires no prophet to tell that before many years there will be one continuous town. In such a way has such an enormous town as Merthyr Tydvil been developed from the very smallest existence. In this way many of the lovely valleys of South Wales, which were once consecrated to the artist and poet and such tourist folks, have been converted by rapid industrial movements into sites of teeming populations, and the smoky chimneys and grimy streets contrast strangely with the scenery of rocks, rivers, and waterfalls, or, in some cases, of "bowery hollows crowned by summer sea." The story of Cardiff is repeated more or less in various localities along the coast, especially in Newport on the east and Swansea on the west. The same development is going on in other places which are small now, but which may rise to large dimensions, until we come to the westward havens of Milford and Pembroke, places which once held a much higher comparative place than they do at present, and which, after a period of comparative decay and insignificance, are rising into the activity of modern life.

Abundant further illustrations might be found if we turned to our colonies, and especially to Australia.

It is not a hundred years ago since Sydney, the first of the Australian towns, was founded. A lively picture has been given of the first settlement of the place. "In one place was a party cutting down wood; a second setting up a blacksmith's forge; a third dragging along a load of stores or provisions; here an officer pitching his marquee, with a detachment of troops parading on one side of him, and a cook's fire blazing on the other. By the side of a small stream, at the head of a cave, the Governor pitched his tent, and on the first Sunday divine service was performed under a great tree by the Rev. Mr. Johnson." Sydney has now quite "an old past," and a new and handsome city is rapidly rising.

The rise of Melbourne was most rapid and extraordinary. It began with a few huts on the banks of the Yarra Yarra. It only dates back to 1837. In 1851, gold

was discovered by Mr. Hargreaves, a Californian miner. When Melbourne once began to grow, its progress was most extraordinary. In the course of a single year it had doubled its population; in the course of two years it had increased its business tenfold; it has now nine-tenths of the business of the whole colony of Victoria. Similarly Adelaide, now rich and prosperous, with Barra-Barra in its neighbourhood, the richest copper mine in the world, consisted, within living memory, of a few houses of straw and mud covered over with canvas.

But our limits do not permit us to pursue these illustrations farther. To seek to do so, in an exhaustive manner, would in reality be to draw up a report on the material progress of the world, to review the condition, the motive powers, and the hopes and progress of the race. To do this as thoroughly as possible is the work of the statesman and the political observer, and the instances which we have selected indicate abundant material both for astonishment and for anticipation.

### THE BLIND AT GYMNASTICS.

THERE shall be no stop, even for a moment, for wonderment at gymnastics for the blind being possible. Instead, there shall be presentation of a picture; then, if need be, wonderment can come in the sequel.

The day is wintry; a chill mist to be encountered outside, and a grey sky. On it, is out-door practice to be done? Is in-door practice to be done? Both are possible by the good arrangements. Taking it out-of-doors, there is an asphalted drill-ground in view of the range of lower windows; at the foot of sloping walls, of interhanging rockeries, of varied flower-beds; the whole covering an extensive and pleasant space, made beautiful by plantings of slender birch and larch, by solid clusters of broad dark shrubs. But the sloping paths are slippery to-day with a slow thaw; the mist hides the slim tracery of the light upright branches; the mist seems to make the shrubs into nests of deeper dampness, the damp hanging, too, on the polished leaves. Also the air is raw, and out-of-doors is not to be.

The place is an inner hall, or vestibule, therefore. It is an inner hall where stairs that go up, and stairs that go down, and garden entrances, and class-room entrances

all meet; where a stand of carbines is in one corner; where a silk-haired stuffed dog lies sentinel. It is an inner hall, where a bench is at the side for visitors, and even pupils, to take a rest; where there is a freshening sweep of air, excellent cleanliness and order; abundant light (which might seem, from one sad side, and superficially, to be a matter there is no need to prize); a broad white ceiling at the top; and good dry oak-planking on which to stand. It is not so high-pitched, it is not so large, as would make it the ideal of what such a meeting-place might be hoped to be. But it is large enough to fit the circumstances; or the circumstances have been contrived to fit the place; and there is growing interest in being within the walls of it, in waiting for what there is to come.

And the students are assembling now—see. They are entering from all the doors; they are entering from all the stairs. They are coming quietly and slowly; for they have the effort to think of where their steps are taking them, it must be recollected; they have the effort to calculate how much has been done, how much is yet to do. Counting them, they amount to a score, or a score and ten; and they are girls, all. Nay, they are young women. Those, out there, may be only fourteen years of age, about, perhaps; but these, here, must be twenty, or one-and-twenty; and this pair, keeping close together gently, and half-guiding one another, must be a little more. And, alas, that they should all be blind! That their faces should be unconsciously carried a little to one side; that they should be held up vaguely, as this one is, and this other, close by! And how much distress it is to see that they are all quenched faces—marred faces—in some sad way! Look at them. There is searing, here; there is knotting up, there; next, there are closed lids; beyond, there are lids it would be less paining to see closed; there are bandages suggesting worse obliteration; there is the sweet submissive expression, the hushed semblance of fair girlhood yet gathering about, that is the most piteous quenching to be witness to of all. Yet it is not pain throughout, even now, to be looking on. It is quite good to see the places taken, accurately, symmetrically. Occasionally there is a hand stretched out, momentarily, to touch another hand, from row to row, where there may be a doubt, where it is safer to

have verification; but good habit and careful discipline do the rest. The girls want no assistance, either by word or touch, from their instructor, who stands by, sure of them. And no livery is here. Each girl wears the dress she would have worn at home; each has the fashioning her own home-folks have chosen for her. It is with these, just as it is among other students. Here are some, clothed merely for utility; here are some, condemned to the adaptations that slender means compel; here are some in "Pompadour," "Pinafore," broché, in any manner of the day, their friends lovingly resolved that there shall be no difference with them over this, for the very reason that calamity has made such a chasm of difference elsewhere. Further, each girl adopts the neck-gear, the ribbanding, the style of hair—the very trick of wearing these—that may be convenient to her. By this she is shown, some way, as she is; there is indication—here, before the eye—of character; the nearest to true character, perhaps, because here also there is thorough unconsciousness that any indication is being given.

Enough. During this brief glance, this mere sweep of observation, the girls have settled, row by row, a well-marked square, into proper drill-form. A pair of dumb-bells is held by each; each has taken a pair from a known place, at a known time, on passing to her position. A classroom door, on the same level, has been pushed open, showing a piano, and a blind girl seated at it, prepared to play the drill accompaniment. The time has come for the gymnastics to commence.

"Number in the ranks!" cries the instructor, as a sign.

And "One!" answers the girl nearest to him.

"Two!" cries the next.

"Three!" the next.

"Four!" the next again.

With "Five!" "Six!" "Seven!" "Eight!" "Nine!" "Ten!" and so on, as it is each girl's turn to report herself, and each flashes out her number quickly, true to time and succession.

The blind accompanist strikes the keys. Her light touch breaks into Schubert's "Moment Musicale," correct in note, marked in rhythm; and at the instant, led only by the music, her blind fellow-students have their arms forward, forward, forward, forward; down, down, down, down; wrist out, wrist in, wrist out, wrist in; and up, and up, and up, accenting the

end of a pretty phrase by the dumb-bells all hitting together, "clink."

The charm of the melody and harmonious action could scarcely be exceeded. It is the perfection of nice coincidence, of thoroughly-adjusted pace. Let it be seen again.

An exercise follows for the heads, the even bars of the quaint music going on yet, never having ceased, measure for measure, all ending well. The girls throw their heads back, down, back, down; to the right, to the left, to the right, to the left; the girls sink, rise, sink, rise; bend back, straight, bend back, straight; bend forward, straight, bend forward, straight. There is a deposit of their dumb-bells, at one stoop, laid crossing one another, at their feet, upon the floor.

It is not to pause, though, except for the length of that one beat that Schubert asks for. The girls, having their hands freed, dart out all their fingers, shut them, dart them, shut them; twirl their arms round, round, round, round; dart fingers again, shut, dart, shut; then sink, rise, sink, rise; on tiptoe, flat, tiptoe, flat; "Salute!" "Attention!" "Salute!" "Attention!" bending, at the end of another phrase, to reach their dumb-bells, getting them, and coming into rhythm with several repetitions of their "clink, clink, clink."

On again; the well-played tune having no break, the girls being still entirely without directions from their instructor. A foot exercise they pass to—a seeming maze, but in reality a perfectly-regulated tread. They put the right foot out, out, out; they put it back, back, back, back; they put the left foot out, out, out, out; they put the left foot back, back, back, back; they step rightward, leftward, rightward, leftward; they step back, straight, back, straight; they make many more diversities, and repeat these, and vary these, the two performances of sound and of movement fitting together, without a falter, without a flaw.

It is finished. The girls have broken into smiles; their breath has been coming quickly, shown by a deepening vivacity and a deepening glow; and leaving this as still pleasanter memory, they form into couples again, or into some organisation that suits the next studies to which they are about to pass. Likewise, the blind player rises from the piano, comes from the class-room, shuts the door of it, joins her fellow-students, and they all go.

Young men succeed them in the same hall, about the same number of them. Alas, that they should be like them too—blind!—that here, once more, are sightless faces, some showing gentle bearing, some roughness, some weakness, some vigour and strength; that here are sightless faces that droop too low, that are raised too high, that are crossed by the fillet or shade, that have, one or two, spectacles, so that the sightlessness may be less apparent, so that the sightlessness, to those who can see it, may bring less pity and less deep pain. There being no uniform here, either, once more there can be students observed dressed markedly presentably; students who seem to be somewhat unfitted; students consulting their own tastes as to whether they shall wear caps or take the drill without. It is all the likeness there is, though, in this and what has gone before. Girlish prettiness is over with that meting out it had to the theme of graceful German music. These young men, presenting stern and masculine stuff enough, each take a carbine from the stand, each adroitly shoulders it, they are formed into "squad," into ranks, are being ruled, exactly as soldiers are ruled, by swift word of military command. They go through their exercise, watched with scrutiny by their instructor, and brought to the right action, and the right preparation for action, with the fit precision, the instant there is any slip; they replace their carbines in the stand; they answer the summons promptly to assemble for freer manoeuvres to be gone through in the open drill-ground outside. That it is a marvel need not be said. It is its own evidence, for these blind youths enter the ground at a trot; they find their places briskly; they right themselves at proper distances; one of them, when despatched for an absentee, on the instructor seeing there is a gap, sets off on the errand allotted to him at an actual run, and when the required order is obtained, it is the same. There is nothing in the performances of these students that reveals that they cannot see. They wheel to the right, to the left, they "get the dressing," they march, they double, they halt, they form square, they change front, they form line again, they go through an intricate course of drill.

But, more than this can be done, and is done on fit occasions, and in fit places, the instructor explains. The blind are taught to load their carbines, and to take aim. This being only yet half the marvel, it is

to be added that the blind fire, and that they even accurately hit. It is done by means of sound. Behind the target put for their practice, there is a man with a bell; he keeps striking this; that is the requisite guidance for these blind marksmen—as sure to them as sight is to those who can see; and it is quite easy for them to acquire thorough skill. Of course, it is the benefit, morally, of this, that makes it worth notice. These blind youths cannot be utilised for war (happily); but when they are accustoming themselves to the exercise of soldiers, they are elevated to the feelings of soldiers, and with the best result. Strength comes from being able to act in a mass; this strength they get. Pride comes from it; a good pride; and this pride they get, too. They find they have another power in which they can be, in some sort, the equals of men who can see; in the knowledge of this, the wide measure of their deep calamity is a little lessened; it brings them confidence, self-reliance, self-respect; and no gift could be bestowed upon them conferring a more valuable blessing.

To see, also, how speedily and how thoroughly this excellence of drill can be cast off for pure fun, is capital. The instant its varieties have been shown, leave is given for a few minutes' relaxation in the Gymnasium proper, and, finding their road up from the exercise-ground to the higher level at their speediest, these blind young men in a trice are swarming at the trapeze; are mounted at standing swings; are high on the slippery plank; are at horizontal bars and parallel bars; are drawing weights out from the wall for expansion, quick snap and snap; are as eager at it, as brimful of bright enjoyment, as if they could see their leaps, and flights, and slidings, and healthful contortions, as if they could measure each others success or failure by the ordinary and instant criterion of gracefulness and height.

"Done with the trapeze?" one voice can be heard above the lively shouts.

"Ay!" is the deep full answer, still more audibly. For there is no other mode of knowing when an apparatus is empty; there can be no look given; and herein is the way to make known whose is the wish to obtain the next turn.

So far for the perfection of gymnastics for the blind, for these gymnastics when they are part of college-study, and when they have been brought even up to beauty by conscientious drill. There has to be

one more picture given now; of all this in embryo; of all this applied, in its simplest elements, to the uncultivated; to the unscholarly; to the untrained; to any such as can be gathered together from anywhere, out of poverty, out of squalor, out of their calamity, into a focus provided for them by a few benevolent hands.

The scene is a poor side-street, leading out of a little-less-poor side-street, in High Holborn; the scene is just a small poor schoolroom there, narrow, shabby, shadowed with ugly erections of bricks and mortar built high up all round it, and taking nothing away from the ugliness of this by presenting any feature that is not ugliness again. In this poor room, there is a row, standing up, of a dozen or fourteen men. One of them must be sixty years of age, he is wide, short, ponderous, grey; settled into the stiffness and inflexibility, the gravity and seriousness, of matured life. The most of them are from thirty to forty years old. There is only one who is a lad, of fifteen, perhaps, recently struck blind, it is easy to see, by the charm still on his beautiful face, by the manner his masses of curling hair are still set round it, the way these get occasionally a quick toss back. These poor blind fellows do not even know how to stand, as drill-usage interprets the word stand. They are in front of the line, and behind the line; they are too close to each other, they are too far apart, they are lurching over their neighbour to the left, they are lurching over their neighbour to the right; their hands are all over one another, in small bursts of suppressed laughter to know what they are to do.

"I fancy I'm taller than you," cries one man, feeling for his neighbour's head, and carrying his hand up and down experimentally, from the level of that to the level of his own.

"You've got out of position," cries another, giving the man next him a dig, being answered:

"No! I'm not!" and getting loud amusement out of the accusation and the contradiction, both.

"We're not sized!" is another cry. For, that the men on the flanks should be the tallest, and that they should run aslope all down to the centre, is as necessary in this elementary drill, and is as jealously watched over, as it would be elsewhere.

There is similar enjoyment of all these inevitable dilemmas, when all essential preliminaries have been arranged, when

there is the hush of order, and some recognised work is being done. Every second man is to fall back a step, bringing two rows of men instead of one row, and leaving regulated breaks. The wrong men fall back, of course, or they fall back wrongly; having, either way, to be ordered up into line again, to practise the falling back once more. They are, after "One! two!" to turn, and, of course, some turn one way and some another, with a great crash of arms interlaced, of back to back, or chest to chest. They are to fling out the knee, "Up! out! down!" and of course they fling the knees next to each other, instead of flinging them in turn; and of course they hit and they kick, nearly throwing one another down. They have a trunk movement; with the arms raised high, and then bent as the body bends as low as it can go; and, of course, they cannot bend to anything like the same level, with one man making such a satisfactory bend of it, he puts his hands down lower proudly, to feel whether he can touch the floor. They are told, after several minutes of these movements, and after they plainly show they are out of breath with them, to stand at ease; and they at once seize the opportunity to give supplementary instructions to one another, lifting up and down, in illustration, one another's arms. They have to mark time, and some have no idea of it, and lift their legs up as if to mount a cart, and come down again with a heavy thud. They have to put their hands in line on the shoulders of the man in front, and march; and, of course, they jostle and stumble, they are in a knot and intermingled in much merriment, irretrievably put out.

"You rather floor us!" says one man in extenuation. "Give us a start!" He means that they have not a knowledge, all of them, of what the march is for; of where the march is to go; of when the march is to begin. He means that, if they could understand, they could achieve; and he means it in the brightest of humours, being echoed, brightly, by them all.

"Ought we to turn?" asks another, in an undertone, of his neighbour, equally as free from fretfulness or repining, though the only reason that makes it necessary for him to ask is that he is blind.

The same spirit prevails when a third man cries in pleasant warning, during an arm-movement, "He'll be striking you, take care! I thought I was going to get a slap in the face!" When a fourth cries, in

a march, "I was off then! I left you, Dawkins! I don't know where I should have been, if I hadn't been stopped!" When a fifth growls out amusedly, "Hold your tongue!" on being teased. When one more asks, "Is it right? Is it far enough up?"

It is pathetic, through all this comedy;—indeed, because of it. It is pathetic, too, because it is a woman who is taking this infinity of what might be thought to be hopeless pains, over these poor untrained men. She is young, and slender, and fair-haired. She goes amongst her rough pupils, who cannot tell of her fairness, but who guess at her youth because of her voice, and who have somewhat of admiration in their apologies when they come in late, and say, "You should fine us, miss," gallantly;—and she rules them with the most feminine touch, with the gentlest word. It is pathetic, still, as this lady passes along her rough pupils' lines, straightening a curved back here, a lowered head there, an awkward elbow, an awkward foot, making a very drill-sergeant's tour of inspection; as she utters her directions and commands. So it is pathetic—more pathetic than all—when, the pupils being motionless, their poor spoiled faces turn gradually to the right, to the left, turn up, turn down, at the lady's bidding. As much of light as there is to fall, falls then on them, or is alternately shadowed away; and its falling makes the sense come stronger than it ever came of their great calamity, since it is seen, alas, pitifully, how an upward look brings nothing more to these than a look down, how sunshine never can be any brighter to them than depth of gloom.

This little sketch is finished. It was thought there might be place, when it was over, for wonderment. It was thought, at the least, that if wonderment were to be expressed at all, this would be the time for it. But surely, now there has been a raising of the curtain when Gymnastics for the Blind were in process of being taught, no wonderment remains. How is the clever thing, the immensely beneficial thing, done? By patience; by incessant watchfulness; by the utmost pains; by the constant, never-absent, attention to the smallest details; by tackling difficulties, being certain that if they are tackled, they are beaten, and that it is only necessary to tackle sufficiently, for the beating effectually to come. And patience is not unattainable; incessant watchfulness is not unattainable; constant, never-absent atten-

tion is not unattainable. These are qualities capable of being cultivated; of being calculated upon; of being tabulated, if that is all, showing debit and credit, so much cost so much return, so much labour so much unfailing yield. And that, at an institution, like the Normal College at Norwood (where the perfected Gymnastics were seen), these qualities should be found, used in the best manner, bearing the best fruits, has nothing wonderful about it at all. There are hosts of the noblest philanthropic undertakings all over all lands now, happily; this Norwood College is one of them; and one where the recognition of this principle of making high endeavour, because it is right, and because it will be followed by high attainment, has made its career remarkable. Going on, too, on the same lines, the students at this college, blind as they are, have walking-matches. The number of turns round the playground, made by each student every day, is set down, and at the end of each term the holder of the highest number bears away the prize. Also, the students skate. There is a small lake in their pretty grounds, the most timid have been trained to trust themselves upon it, and there have even been torchlight skating-parties held, that the pastime might be enjoyed and witnessed by "sighted" friends. Further, the same untiring patience has enabled these blind students to play leap-frog, prisoner's base, and fox and hounds; to use the pitching-bar, the rocking-boat, the swings, the giant stride, the tilt; to throw weights; and it is in contemplation, that, now, through the liberality of a friend, part of the lake is concreted to make it of safe shallowness for the purpose, that all the students should be taught to swim.

One immense advantage is possessed by this institution, it is true. The talented principal, Dr. Campbell, is blind, like the students he controls, and for whom he labours. It is out of his inner consciousness that he knows what is possible. That these possibilities have such an extensive range, and have been brought to so much accomplishment, is the highest measure of his consciousness that can be given.

#### CITY COMPANIES' CHARITIES.

##### IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

AMONG the noble army of charitable donors who leave the doing of their posthumous deeds of alms to the City Companies, the pious founder is somewhat prominent.

As mentioned in our first article, many of the earlier bequests left for religious purposes were avowedly and expressly diverted from their original purposes on the ground that they were for "superstitious uses." But from the terms of some of the trusts we can gather what were the uses which were once deemed pious, but have been since condemned as superstitious.

Thus, Sir William Fitzwilliam leaves to the Merchant Taylors' Company a charge of twenty pounds a year upon premises in Lombard Street, and Cornhill, which rent-charge was devised to "The Monastery of Croyland, Lincolnshire, partly for the maintenance of a priest who was required to sing mass in the church of Marham, Northamptonshire, for a salary of seven pounds a year; and the remaining thirteen pounds was to be spent in wine and wax, and various uses since declared to be superstitious."

Again, the will of John Ashton, which gave certain premises in London to the Fishmongers' Company (in 1436), directed that "the company should for ever solemnly celebrate the testator's obit with note and ringing of bells, in the church of St. Sepulchre."

By way of carrying out this condition of the donor's will, the company agreed with the vicar and churchwardens "of the said church of St. Sepulchre," that they should "retain in their own hands for the use and profit of the parishioners of the church aforesaid, ten shillings for the fabrick of the same church; also the vicar should annually retain three shillings in his own possession, viz.: fourpence for himself being present at the exequies of the aforesaid, and for saying the mass aforesaid himself, or by some other chaplain; also for recommending of the soul aforesaid, among others of deceased persons, every Lord's-day as is the custom of himself, or some other chaplain, two shillings and eightpence; but to distribute the same two shillings and eightpence annually in alms to the poor of the parish church in which the vicar shall abstain himself from the recommendation aforesaid."

Another illustrative example of the "superstitious use" class of donor is John Heron, whose gift, made in 1510, is also to the Fishmongers' Company. He conveys to the company "a messuage or tavern called 'The Mermaid,' in Friday Street, and Bread Street, a messuage or tenement with the appurtenances in Fynche's Lane, otherwise called Pudding Lane," and several

other "messuages and tenements" in London. The stipulation attached to the gift was that the wardens of the company should give and pay yearly out of the income, to the parson of the parish church of Our Blessed Lady of Little Ilford, five marks of lawful money of England in augmentation of the profits of this benefice. The parson was required to have the soul of the donor, and certain other souls specified, particularly mentioned in his praises to Almighty God. The wardens of the company were at the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel, to equally divide the sum of thirteen shillings and fourpence amongst them for their labour and true diligence in seeing the donor's will properly executed.

That these old-world donors were truly pious in their day and generation, pious according to their individual lights, and the lights of the age in which they lived, it would be almost sacrilege to doubt. That they will fare none the worse for that the masses they desired have for centuries ceased to be said, we may well believe. The pity of it is that in these cases the diverted trusts are not likely, under the administration of the City Companies, to benefit others to anything like the extent to which they are capable of being beneficially applied for charitable purposes. The uses to which the trusts of later religious donors are to be put, if more orthodox than those of the earlier trusts, are certainly less quaint. Some even of these later uses have waxed or are waxing obsolete, and the whirligig of time may bring about a state of affairs in which they also will be declared superstitious.

As they stand, however, some of them are sufficiently characteristic, and a few illustrative examples may be worth quoting:

In 1620, Robert Hunt "gave to the Brewers' Company two hundred pounds to be invested as they might think best, upon trust, out of the profits thereof to pay yearly ten pounds to the vicar of St. Giles', Cripplegate, so long as the minister should exercise and perform catechising of youth within the church of the same parish every Sabbath-day from one until two o'clock in the afternoon, between Michaelmas and Midsummer."

Alderman James Bunce, in 1630, made a similar gift to the Leathersellers' Company, only in this case the minister was to be paid, not for catechising youths only, but for "catechising frequently the people of the parish."

Sir Richard Hoare, in 1718, gave to the

Goldsmiths' Company "two hundred pounds in trust, that eight pounds per annum should be paid in sums of one pound each, to eight poor widows freemen of the company, who should be of good life and conversation, and most frequently receive the sacrament according to the usage of the Church of England." Many other donors make their gifts conditional upon the recipients being communicants.

A number of those leaving trusts of a more or less directly religious kind, while taking heed for the soul, also make provision for the wants of the body. Of this type is the bequest of William Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, left to the Fishmongers' Company in 1690. He made over to the company by will a sum of one hundred pounds, to be lent out to four young men of the company, who should pay an interest of three pounds amongst them. The interest was to be distributed in the manner tabulated as follows:

"For the preaching of a sermon in Croydon Church on the anniversary of the founding of Whitgift's Hospital...	£ s. d.
For a dinner for the poor of the Hospital	0 13 4
To be put in the common box of the Hospital	0 13 4
To the Vicar of Croydon for announcing the sermon on the preceding Sunday...	0 10 0
To one of the company to see these things performed...	0 3 4
To be divided among poor people free of the company, or to those of St. Peter's Hospital	0 6 8
	0 13 4
	<u>£3 0 0</u>

John Hall, a donor to the Weavers' Company in 1691, while providing for Wednesday sermons in the parish of St. Clements, Eastcheap, directs that the sum of ten shillings is to be paid to the churchwardens of the parish on the Thursday before Easter, "to provide two turkeys for the parishioners, to be eaten at their annual feast, called the 'reconciling feast' or 'love feast.'" From this it would appear that the love feast, which has nowadays come to be regarded as a special institution of the Methodist body, was originally a recognised feast of the Established Church.

A very frequent charge upon these charitable trusts is the distribution of certain specified doles of food and clothing. This is, of course, a common enough form of charity in the present day, but some of these old gifts may be cited to show how relief "in kind" was made up in the good old times. John Banks, in 1600, "gave twenty shillings per annum for ever to the Company of Barbers, on condition that they should, on the 11th day of May

in every year, give to twelve poor people of the company, in equal proportions, six stone of beef, each of them a twopenny loaf, twopence apiece in money, and each one a wooden platter."

Thomas Jenyns, a donor in 1572 to the Fishmongers' Company, directs among other things that "the company should pay yearly, six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence for and towards the relief of the poor of the parish of Brangling, in bread and herrings." Lady Mildred Burghly, whose gift to the Haberdashers' Company bears date 1583, provides that a sum of four pounds six shillings and eightpence is to be expended in supplying twenty messes of meat for twenty poor householders or widows, viz.—twopence in beef, one penny wheaten loaf, and one penny in money, for every mess to be provided by the churchwardens and collectors of the poor, with the advice of the vicar or curate, and distributed at the church after morning prayers. Distributions of bread are, as a rule, made in penny wheaten loaves; but William Southwood, who is among the donors to the Goldsmiths' Company, stipulates that "the company are to pay two pounds yearly to the parson and churchwardens of St. Mary, Woolnoth, to be distributed in twelve halfpenny loaves of bread, every Sunday throughout the year, to twelve poor people, at the font of the said church, when the service is done in the afternoon." In many instances one donor supplements the gifts of another, and a characteristic case of this kind occurs in connection with these doles in kind. Barbara Burnell, in 1630, "gave to the Clothworkers' Company three hundred pounds to the intent that they should purchase lands with the money, and should pay yearly the parson and churchwardens of the parish of Stanmore, the sum of seven pounds to be distributed in bread of the value of one shilling every Sunday to the poor of the parish; to pay two shillings to the clerk for keeping clean the monument of the donor and her husband; to pay four pounds six shillings (residue of the said seven pounds) in woollen cloth to make waistcoats and safeguards for six poor women." Twenty-five years later, namely, in 1655, Thomas Burnell—who, we take it, was some relative of Barbara, though no relationship is mentioned in the Blue Book—gave money in trust to the same company, and among the charges upon the interest of the capital sum was one of five pounds eight shillings to be paid to the parson

and churchwardens of Stanmore, which amount was to be distributed by the said parson and churchwardens as follows: one pound ten shillings in clothing to be added to the gift of Barbara Burnell, and to the intent that they should furnish eighteen-pennyworth of good Suffolk cheese, against every Sabbath-day, to be distributed unto such of the poor of the said parish of Stanmore as should be recipients of bread doles.

In the matter of gifts of clothing, donors to the Clothworkers' naturally come out somewhat strong. Barbara Burnell, as we have just seen, provides for "waistcoats and safeguards" for six poor women. Robert Hitchins leaves money wherewith to "give yearly to twenty poor men and twenty poor women, to each of them three yards and a quarter of broadcloth at six shillings a yard, one pair of shoes, one pair of hose, and one shirt or smock." And Samuel Middlemore provides for the distribution of "cloth to make twenty gowns for the poor, linen to make twenty shirts and smocks, and twenty pairs of stockings and twenty pairs of shoes." Clothing being almost as much in the way of business with the Merchant Taylors and the Haberdashers, as with the Clothworkers, donors to the two former are also given to make provision for gifts of clothes to the poor. By way of further illustration on this point, it will be sufficient to quote from the bequest of Florence Caldwell to the Haberdashers' Company in 1614. Among its other provisions was one which directed "that the company should yearly provide six gowns, coats, or jerkins, and six pairs of hose for six poor men of the company, of the value of one pound, the gown and hose together, with a white staff, and one shilling in money, to wait on the master and wardens to and from church on St. Catherine's Day."

The chief object of many of the richer legacies to the City Companies is the establishment and (in the great majority of cases at any rate) endowment of almshouses. As whatever changes of fashion take place, the poor whom we have always with us, must have shelter, this form of trust would appear to have been more scrupulously carried out in accordance with the wishes of the founders than most other forms. A very considerable proportion of the whole income admittedly received from charitable trusts by the companies is also applied to educational purposes, but the schools maintained by the companies are of

such a kind that the children of the poor, in the general sense of the term, will rarely be found in them, notwithstanding that the great majority of the educational trusts were expressly left for the benefit of the poor. The companies' schools proper are mostly situated in or near London, but, in their capacity of charitable trustees, the companies have almshouses and schools in all parts of England. The estates and houses from which the incomes of many of the charities are derived, are also scattered widely about the country; but the majority of the "messuages and tenements," are to be found in and around the City. It would, we fancy, greatly astonish most people to find what a number of properties in the City are in the hands of the companies, as charitable administrators. They are very literally too numerous to be mentioned, and it must suffice to say here that there is scarcely a leading street in the City proper, in which the companies do not hold houses. A couple of examples taken at random will serve to give some idea of how valuable much of this class of property must be. Richard Mervayle, in 1437, left to the Vintners' Company "property in Lombard Street, the profit to be applied to the relief of poor vinters, and to pay for prayers for his soul, and the souls of others. There is now an income of nine hundred pounds from the banking house of Barclay, Tritton, and Company." In 1719, William Lee "assigned to the Dyers' Company a lease for nine hundred and ninety-nine years of two tofts of ground in Thames Street. The two tofts now constitute the estate called Paul's Wharf."

Looking through the long list of devises of such properties to the companies, we find ourselves in an olden and historic London. Cannon Street was, in 1603, Candlewick Street. In 1574, William Dummer gave to the Drapers' Company "two messuages in Cornewell (now called Cornhill); and in 1405, Thomas Atte-Hay "gave his tenements, then called the Horshened, with two shops, and half the alley adjacent thereto, in Bowyer Row (believed to be the present Ludgate Hill), and also shops and tenements, then called the Horn-on-the Hoop, in Fleet Street, to hold the same for ever in and relief augmentation, and the better support and sustentation of the infirm members of the Goldsmiths' Company." Houses are left to the companies in Mugwell (now Monkwell Street), in Do-Little Lane, Naked-Boy Alley, Black Raven Alley, and Kathrine-wheel Alley (after-

wards called White Lion Court), in Fleet Street. And many of the properties are described as situate in parishes of which we fancy latter-day parochial authorities have no official knowledge. By the description of some of the properties bequeathed to the companies, we are reminded of the time when others, besides publicans, were given to hang their trade banners on the outward walls and to have sign-names for their houses. When inns and taverns are left for charitable purposes they are so described, but apart from these we have many other "sign" houses left by these charitable donors. Thus Thomas Trumball, in 1557, "charged his shop under the sign of 'The Bell' in Bridge Street with a yearly rent-charge of twenty shillings, to purchase coals for the most needy householders of the Company of Fishmongers, inhabitants of the parish of St. Botolph, and St. Margaret's in Bridge Street, one sack to each person." A second donor gives the Fishmongers' Company "a tenement called the White Lyon in Thames Street," and a third, through the same company, bequeaths to the Governors of Christ's Hospital "one annuity or yearly rent of two pounds issuing out of his two tenements, one commonly called 'The Chequer,' and the other 'The Horse Head,' in the parish of St. Magnus the Martyr, near London Bridge." The "message called 'The Cage,' in Tooley Street," was left to the Girdlers' Company, in 1582, and "the message called 'The Basket,'" to the Grocers' Company in 1514, and most of the companies have had similar bequests. As a rule, the legacies are in money, lands, or houses, but occasionally they include goods of the "sundry" order. For example, John Haselwood, in 1554, gave to the Leathersellers' Company "three hundred pounds in money, a silver basin and ewer to the value of twenty marcs; a cup valued at six pounds, and a parcel of lead weighing eleven and three-quarter hundredweights." And in 1703, Sir Robert Gefferys gave to the Ironmongers' Company two hundred pounds, and a pair of silver flagons valued at thirty pounds.

There is a mingled humour and pathos about the means taken by the donors to secure the due fulfilment of their various purposes. Some, of whom Sir Wolstan Dixie, a donor, in 1592, to the Skinners' Company, is an example, solemnly adjure the companies to be true to their trusts. He desires "them, and every of them, as his especial trust was in them, and according

to that his last will, to do their best endeavours, in the fear of Almighty God his only Saviour and Redeemer, to see the same executed accordingly."

Others go upon the principle—we are speaking proverbially of course—of setting a thief to catch a thief. Of this type was Dame Elizabeth Morys, who in 1551 "gave all her land and tenements situate in the parish of St. Olyffe (St. Olave, Jewry) to the Armourers' Company, to the uses, intents, and conditions following."

The conditions are very explicitly set forth, and then the trust-deed goes on: "In the event of this trust not being properly fulfilled by the Armourers' Company, the wardens of the Bridge House were to take possession upon similar conditions. The Bridge House authorities were to have power to make search once a year in order to see that the conditions of the trust were fulfilled, for which search they were to receive from the Armourers' Company three shillings and fourpence apiece yearly. In the event of the trust being unfulfilled by either of these bodies, the executors of the donor might step in and sell the property, and distribute the proceeds among poor maidens on their marriage; and should these executors fail, then the right heirs of the legator should step in and claim the estate."

The great majority of donors, however, adopt a plan in this matter which shows a shrewd knowledge of human nature in general. In nearly every instance it is provided that the master, wardens, and assistants of the companies, or parsons, churchwardens, clerks, and sextons of the parish churches (or both), shall be paid for their "pains and dilligence" in carrying out the wishes of the testators. If there be only a baker's dozen of penny loaves to be distributed after morning service, it is directed that the sexton for his pains and diligence in distributing them shall have the "vantage" loaf. In one case, where it is directed that four pounds yearly shall be paid to the organ-player of the church, it is further directed that twenty shillings per annum is also to be paid to "his man that bloweth the bellows." This custom of payments of the officials of the companies for their "pains" in administering charities, bears rather amusingly upon the important subject of civic feasting. These payments of the officials often took the shape—in part at any rate—of "feeds," and it is at once made obvious in this connection that, even allowing for differences

in money value, City feeds in the olden time were not the costly affairs that they have since become. "Three pounds for a dinner for the company (the Goldsmiths), and nine shillings for a 'potation' for the churchwardens," stands out as a large allowance in this way. When a "potation" is for the company (the Merchant Taylors), instead of the churchwardens, the amount set aside for it is only one pound, though that is of course a large sum compared with the three shillings and fourpence which one donor directs to be paid to the Cutlers' Company, in order that they may "make merry withal, and for their painstaking." Fifteen shillings is the sum left by one donor to the Grocers' Company, wherewith to provide a Christmas dinner for the churchwardens, vestrymen, and overseers of St. Giles', Cripple-gate. One donor leaves the Mercers' Company one pound six shillings and eight pence, to provide a dinner for the governors, and a similar amount to pay for wine and cakes. These are representative sums for banqueting purposes, and money payments are upon much the same scale. Five shillings per annum for a clerk, two-and-sixpence for a beadle, and a shilling for a sexton, are a common scale; and it holds relatively when we come to much higher personages. Thomas Jordeyn, who, in 1468, left money to buy one hundred and thirty-eight quarters of coals annually to be given to "sixteen poor householders, freemen and freewomen of the craft of Fishmongers, requests the Lord Mayor of London "to take the oversight of the distribution, and to take ten shillings for his pains. The common clerk to remind the mayor yearly of his duty, and to receive three shillings and fourpence for his pains."

The incomes of the various companies from charitable trusts differ very widely. The annual income of the Mercers' Company is thirty-seven thousand two hundred and eighty-nine pounds twelve shillings and fivepence; that of the Fruiterers but a poor three pounds seventeen shillings and threepence. The Drapers' Company has twenty-eight thousand and thirty-eight pounds fifteen shillings and a farthing a year; the Woolwinders, only eight pounds; the Goldsmiths' Company, ten thousand nine hundred and one pounds fourteen shillings and a penny; the Gold and Silver Wire Drawers, only four pounds four shillings and ninepence. The grand total of the incomes comes out at the very respectable figure of one hundred and eighty-

five thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine pounds seventeen shillings and eleven pence a year. The compilers of the Blue Book furnish an approximate analysis of the expenditure. In making their analysis they tell us that "in all cases preference is given to the way in which the money is distributable rather than distributed. Worked out in this light the appropriation is as follows: "For sermons, lectures, etc., three thousand and eighty-three pounds four shillings and tenpence; for church expenses, six hundred and forty-five pounds eleven shillings; for candles (used during lectures, etc.), nine pounds; for church impropriations, one hundred and two pounds eleven shillings and fivepence; for coals, three hundred and eleven pounds five shillings and tenpence; for clothing, one thousand eight hundred and seventy pounds, one shilling and tenpence; for medical aid (a large share of which is in connection with convalescent hospitals, the whole of the Debtor Prison Charities having been under a Chancery decree appropriated to that object, following the abolition of imprisonment for debt), four thousand and eighty-nine pounds and sevenpence; for food, five hundred and twenty-four pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence; for education (including exhibitions), sixty-five thousand one hundred and thirty pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence; for bread and education (mixed in a manner that prevents the proportion for each being understood), one hundred and eighteen pounds four shillings; for Bibles, three pounds; for apprenticeship, two thousand nine hundred and eight pounds sixteen shillings and tenpence; for marriage portions, two pounds six shillings and eightpence; for cleaning and repairing tombs, nine pounds six shillings; to provide wool and flax to afford means of employment, three pounds; for the repair of highways, one hundred and twenty-nine pounds seven shillings; to be used as loans free of interest (annual value of capital here reckoned at), eighty-seven pounds ten shillings; for alms (money-gifts), one hundred and five thousand seven hundred and ninety-two pounds one shilling and a penny; applied to poor-rates, six pounds; various objects (mixed so that the proportions cannot be traced), one thousand and thirteen pounds three shillings and tenpence. Total, one hundred and eighty-five thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine pounds seventeen shillings and elevenpence a year."

The Blue Book deals with the Companies simply as trustees of charities, but it heads the list of charities held by each company with a brief account of the origin of the company as a trade guild. These introductory paragraphs mention many more or less curious facts. From them we gather that the Bakers' is the oldest of all the City Companies. The Mercers', though now the richest of the guilds, has in its day "known losses" to a greater extent than any other company; among its other "hard bargains" was a loan of ten thousand pounds to Charles the First, which was totally lost. In 1482 the Clothworkers were incorporated under the appellation of "The Fraternity of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary of the Shearman of London;" but in the reign of Elizabeth the title was changed to that of the "Master, Wardens, and Commonalty of Freemen of the Art and Mystery of Clothworkers of the City of London." Of the Merchant Taylors' Company we are told: "This society anciently denominated, 'The Tailors, and Linen Armourers,' was incorporated by letters patent in 1466. But many of the members of the fraternity being great merchants (as distinct from working tailors), and Henry the Seventh being a member of the association, he for his greater honour, by letters patent in 1503 reincorporated the body under the title of 'The Merchant Tailors of the Fraternity of Saint John the Baptist.'"

The Vintners, we are informed, had a pair of stocks erected in their hall, for the punishment of refractory members. Concerning the Grocers, we find that they were anciently styled Pepperers, and that the name "grocer" is said to have been originally "grosser," implying that the traders of this company were wholesale dealers—"selling in gross quantities by great weights." The Grocers had rights of trade search in the City and its liberties; the wardens of the Goldsmiths' Company were "authorised to visit the goldsmiths' shops to assay their gold, and test if it be of the proper "touch;" and most of the other companies had similar powers of supervision and control.

Here our survey of this Blue Book on the City Companies' Charities must close, but we think that what we have been able to show of it will be more than sufficient to bear out our opening remarks as to the volume being a specially interesting one of its kind. It is likely to be useful too.

The straws in the air would seem to indicate that the day is not far distant when the long-talked-of Parliamentary enquiry into the administration of City Charities must be made—and when that time comes the well-digested mass of information in the School Board's Blue Book will be of the utmost value.

## LADY DEANE.

BY MRS. LEITH ADAMS.

### CHAPTER II.

WHEN a life draws on to its winter, when its spring, summer, and autumn are past, is there anything sadder than to look back along its course and see nothing but disappointment on every hand? Dreams never realised—hopes that have fallen to the ground like blackened and blighted grain—no fair flowers of rest and content upspringing on the barren sod; nothing but one vast arid plain through which the weary feet have toiled; nothing but murky gloom through which the aching eyes, too hard to soften with the radiance of a tear, have strained in vain for the vision of some rest to come?

A life may be sin-stained, may be made desolate by bereavements, may be full of bodily suffering or of mental sorrow, and yet less unutterably sad to contemplate than such a life as this. Wealthy, beautiful, born of gentle lineage; educated as became these gifts of fortune; yet had the one-time wife, now the widow of Sir Anthony Deane of Deane Glen, made nothing of her life but a barren failure.

The lines in her face—lines far too deep for her fifty years, told you that. The haughty reserve of her manner—a reserve that had in it at times not a little defiance—set her apart as one who was in truth an Ishmael amongst women. All her life through she had missed that inestimable stay and comfort—the true love and friendship that one woman can give to another. There can be no true friendship given or bestowed for the nature that is cursed with the double curse of jealousy and selfishness; even love, when it comes to such, is like the deadly nightshade, whose very flowers are poison.

She had not married Anthony Deane for money; she had plenty of her own: nor for rank, for her own equalled his. She had married him for love—such a love as she was capable of giving; a love rotten with selfishness and embittered by a life-long

jealousy. He was her husband—hers in the same sense as the jewels that sparkled in her casket; hers to wear before the eyes of an admiring world; hers to rule by even the slightest wish; hers to grasp and hold, no matter how the grasp hurt, or how the victim struggled.

Thus she made of her love a chain to bind a man's life, instead of a spell to win his heart; and, in time, the end came.

Her jealousy of every friend the man possessed; her prying curiosity that would fain probe every word and action of his life; her hatred of the pursuits he loved; her interference in everything that concerned him, made his life a misery to him.

He saw other men happy in their homes, lovingly greeted, ever welcome yet never tied captive—never bound down to one changeless routine. He saw wives finding happiness in making their husbands so; tender and loyal, yet never trying to sap the manliness and independence from the lives bound up with theirs. Such content was not for him. Gradually, with slow and painful effort, Sir Anthony gave up his friends one after the other; until he lived, as completely isolated from all sympathy and companionship, as if he had been the inhabitant of a desert island.

He bought a peace at home, paying the bitter price in sullen silence. He thought any sacrifice better than to live in a ceaseless din of reproaches night and day; any renunciation better than seeing the friends he valued insulted by his wife's repellent manner.

But Lady Deane had been used to having a grievance, and did not care to be deprived of an accustomed luxury.

So she watched and waited, and at length the opportunity presented itself.

One day she went into her husband's private room, the room where he transacted all his business, saw his agent, and passed his most peaceful hours.

A letter lay upon the desk. It was directed in a woman's handwriting—a hand that told the writer must be a gentlewoman, too. In a moment the mad fiend of jealousy clutched my lady's heart. She forgot that she, too, was, or ought to be, a gentlewoman. She tore open the envelope—devoured the contents—and—found that she had dishonoured herself in her own eyes, and in her husband's, for—nothing.

The letter was from the daughter of an old friend of Sir Anthony's. She was left a widow with sons to educate. She wrote to him trustfully, confident of his

kindly feelings towards herself and her belongings. She kept nothing back from him of how painfully in many ways she was placed—she asked him to use his influence to assist her—to hold her confidence sacred.

Lady Deane had just got to the end of the letter, and, not without some feeling of shame, was about to put it back into its torn envelope, when her husband—white with rage—came to her side.

His hand shook as he held it out to her.

"So," he said, "you steal into my room like a thief to spy upon me; you open my private letters, forgetting who you are, and what you ought to be. I have never done you any wrong, and you know it. Why do you treat me like this? Many a man is driven mad by such a woman as you. I have tried to be true to you—I have tried to make you happy, and you know it: and yet you pry after me as if I were a criminal and you a detective. It is not just the matter of this letter that makes me feel so bitterly—that is a small thing. You might have seen it and welcome, if you had asked me for it. No—it is your prying, creeping ways—dogging my steps—humiliating me in my own eyes and in those of others—making my life the wretched thing it is, day by day, and year by year. What have I ever done to you that you should treat me so? There—give me my letter, and now—Go!"

Cowed for once in her life, she went at his bidding.

As she stood a moment at the door and looked back, she saw that he had laid his arms across the desk, and hidden his face upon them.

After this, with the passing of the years, things went on from bad to worse.

Life is a hard struggle to one bound to such a nature as that of the woman who was Sir Anthony Deane's wife. There is no rest, no repose of heart or mind. Existence is a ceaseless progression from one petty worry to another—a constant dread as to what trivial thing may be turned into a source of annoyance next. Such a life needs some solace.

And at last Sir Anthony found one. He found something that seemed to lighten the burden fate had bound upon his back; something that made the weary way in which his tired feet had to walk less dark and gloomy.

He found companions from whom all his wife's exacting jealousy could not

divorce him; companions who wrote no letters for her to open; companions who cheered his heart within him, and raised the pall of gloom that brooded over his life.

These companions were the glass and bottle; and he kept their jocund company right merrily through many an hour of the night, hurling a curse at his wife if she stole in unawares, scorn in her eyes, reproaches on her lips.

"You drove me to it!" he would cry. "I am happy now—— Leave me in peace."

What a peace! The peace of a drugged, besotted forgetfulness!

These bouts of drinking on the part of Sir Anthony Deane, of Deane Glen, from being occasional, became habitual. The stimulants that had been sought after as a means of forgetfulness grew to be a daily, hourly need. The natural candour of Sir Anthony's mind became warped. He grew cunning with the cunning of the secret but confirmed drunkard, who loves to baffle the would-be astuteness of those about him. Lying prone in a deadly stupor or raving like a madman, many miserable hours of his besotted life passed unconscious to himself, but full of unspeakable dread and pain to those about him.

One faithful creature never left his side in these dark days, and that was Michael Daly; and when the worst of the bout was over, the two would talk of "Master 'Gar," the only son of this most wretched father.

Sir Anthony would listen eagerly to oft-told tales of the lad's boyish days. Then all at once break into maudlin tears, sob like a child, and moan:

"Don't let the boy grow to think hardly of me, Daly; tell him I always loved him—always, even at my worst, yes—through it all—my brave, bonnie boy!"

There was a certain room in Deane Glen, opening into the shrubbery, called the gun-room. It was situated at the end of a long passage, and therefore a good deal isolated from the rest of the house.

Here, in the shooting season, sportsmen had been wont to gather together, and tell of the "bags" they had made, or of the ill-luck that had befallen them. Here, while the smoke curled up from pipe and cigar, had Sir Anthony spent some of the more peaceful hours of his early married life; here had he found escape possible from the thralldom of a woman's will. In this room then, far removed from all the

rest of the household, he took to sitting up to all hours of the night, or rather morning. Many a time did Michael Daly, stealing down from his own sleepless bed, help his master's uncertain footsteps up the grand old stairway, where, from the panelled walls, generations of Deanes looked down upon this their latest representative.

People pitied Lady Deane in these terrible times—that is, the women did.

The men shrugged shoulders, lifted eyebrows, and in the retirement of smoking-rooms spoke of Sir Anthony as "Poor fellow!" adding mysteriously, "No wonder, no wonder!"

And all the while, whenever she had the chance, the wife ceased not to reproach the husband: ceased not to sneer at him in his misery and degradation.

At last, one night, maddened by the clamour of her tongue, he struck the lips that reviled him. He was more than half-drunk at the time—when indeed was he otherwise?

Daly chanced to be absent. There was no living creature near to stand between these two; no one to restrain the man, no one to plead for forbearance from the woman.

Lady Deane had just said that there was not a hound in the kennel she did not count a worthier thing than the man whose name she bore, when that cruel blow silenced her.

She stood before her husband, still as a statue. Her face was like that of a dead woman, so wan, so bloodless, save for the red mark across her mouth. Her eyes were as hot burning coals, glowing with the fire of a hatred beyond all words. But the man feared them not. He poured forth such a torrent of invective as would have made a weaker woman cower as from a hail of stones.

He told her she had cursed his life, murdered every good impulse in his nature, stung him to madness, driven him to drink, with the bitterness of her tongue, the ceaseless worry of her discontent.

She listened in stony calmness to his words, slowly passing and repassing her handkerchief across the lips he had dishonoured.

When he was silent, she said, speaking slowly, deliberately, calmly:

"Now—you have said your say let me say mine. I have worn out your love long since, you tell me. I do not crave for it back again. I can live without it. You have struck me to-night. A drunkard already, you have now sunk lower still—

you have become a coward. You say there is one thing on earth—one only—that you love, and that is Edgar, our son. Well, it is through him I shall revenge the wrong you have done me. You shall be in my hands what the Helots were in the hands of the Spartan mothers of their day. I shall teach your son to hate you, to despise you. I shall tell him how low you have fallen. I shall tell him you struck the woman who bore him."

Without another word, she swept defiant from the room.

She had won the day; she had come off victor in the struggle—aye, though the red brand lay across her lips.

For had she not seen her husband shrink beneath her scathing words? Had she not seen him lift his clasped hands to Heaven with an exceeding bitter cry?

Did nothing warn her, as she passed along beneath these pictures of dead-and-gone Deanes of the Glen, that there was one, only two generations back, whom men called "mad Sir Gilbert?"

Would nothing call to her remembrance the pregnant fact that, looking farther back still in the family history, there was yet another "mad Deane?" Was there no good angel near, to warn her that the face that glared upon her as she left the room was not that of a man tried sorely and past words, but that of one whose sorrows and whose evil habits had so shattered and weakened his mental powers that now, under the pressure of intense excitement, he was, for the time being, as mad as "mad Sir Gilbert," or that other mad Deane who had gone before?

The sin that had become habitual—the poisoned cup in which Sir Anthony had tried to drown reflection—had done its work at last, like the fire that brings out some fatal writing, hitherto invisible, upon the page that is exposed to its heat.

"Death from misadventure" was the verdict given at the inquest, and the local papers had a long account of a lamentable and fatal gun accident at Deane Glen. Sir Anthony, the owner of that old ancestral home, had been looking at a favourite fowling-piece, which by some unhappy chance had been laid by still loaded. Hardly had he taken it down from its rest on the wall of the gun-room when it went off in his hands, the charge entering his chest and throat. He died, before medical assistance could be procured, choked by the flow of blood.

Lady Deane, startled by the report of firearms, had hurried to the fatal spot, only in time to see her husband breathe his last in the arms of an old and devoted servant.

Of course, the county was greatly excited. People said Lady Deane "bore it beautifully;" but, again, shoulders were shrugged and eyebrows raised among the men. The poor fellow had been "shaky," they said—"terribly shaky"—for a long time. It was quite as well that the son—now Sir Edgar—happened to be travelling abroad, though, to be sure, the shock of coming home to so much trouble would be great. It was said, too, that the lad was much attached to his father, which made it all the worse. Thus wagged the tongues of those who knew a little, or knew nothing, or thought they knew a great deal.

But some other topic arose to engage the public mind, and the desolate house among the woods, so silent, so gloomy, was forgotten.

Meanwhile, Michael Daly had been put to the question by his master's widow.

It was an ordeal he had expected: therefore he was not taken by surprise.

She had grown marvellously white and wan since such dread things had happened in her home. The line between her brows, that of late years had so marred the beauty of her face, had deepened. Her dark eyes seemed to have sunk into her head, and from their cavernous sockets to watch, defiant, proud, suspicious, a world she scorned.

Yet was she a handsome, stately woman in her black robes; the widow's diadem of snowy white resting on her dark luxuriant hair like a crown. As if by mutual consent, Michael Daly and his widowed mistress had avoided each other as much as possible since Sir Anthony's death.

But now, she had summoned the old servitor to her presence.

"Daly," she said, in that even passionless voice that changed or faltered so seldom; "did your master speak after you found him that night?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Could you understand what he said?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Tell me what it was."

"He said I was to give his love to Master Gar."

The man's hand, resting on the table, shook till the table shook with it.

"Was that all?" asked Lady Deane, the line between her brows showing so deeply that it looked like a cut.

"No, my lady."

"What else did he say?" She drew her breath a little slower than usual, the line deepened still, and her lips grew white. These were all the outer signs of the storm that raged within her breast.

"He says, says the master, 'I couldn't live to see the boy learn to hate me,' says he."

Daly did not look at his mistress as he spoke. He drew his breath hard in between each word. When he had done speaking his face was all puckered, like that of a child who strives not to weep, and the tears were raining from his eyes.

Lady Deane knew the worst now.

She knew that for ever and for aye, as long as they two should live, the knowledge of a secret would lie between herself and this man—the secret that Sir Anthony Deane—her husband—died by his own hand.

"You did not speak of this—of what Sir Anthony said—at the inquest?"

"No, my lady."

"What would you have done if you had been more closely questioned, being upon your oath?"

"Swore I had nothing to tell, at all, at all. I'd have bit my tongue out and spat it on the floor, before I'd have let it say a word to set the tongues of other folk wagging about the master."

"Do you know that to swear falsely is a crime? Do you know that if you had done this, and it could have been proved against you, you could have been put into prison?"

"Yes, my lady."

Daly was not weeping now. His eyes keen, firm, resolute, looked his questioner full in the face.

Lady Deane was satisfied.

This faithful servant was unprincipled, where his affections were deeply concerned. He would commit a crime, and think it none, to shield the name he loved from reproach and shame.

Her secret was safe. She drew a long breath of relief and rose from her chair.

She would not willingly have asked another question, or wasted her breath in useless words.

But the old man's thoughts were upon that last awful scene in the life over which he had watched and sorrowed through the long years. Daly went on, therefore, to complete his pitiful narrative.

"After master had spoke those words,

my lady, he put his arm up over my neck, and looked at me so sad-like, I just clean forgot myself, and made so free as lay a kiss upon his forehead—just at the side where the hair parted and curled so pretty—I did it in a minute—without a thought—I'm scarce after thinking as the master was angry with me neither, for a kind of a smile come over his face—it did indeed, my lady—”

Daly glanced at the still dark face by the window. He dreaded to see some sign of a haughty intolerance of his words.

But no; the line between the dark brows was less deeply marked; the grand curves of the mouth were less hard.

Not that any shadow of tenderness towards the husband she had lost was softening my lady's heart. No, not that; but the more proofs this man gave of his entire and blind devotion to his master, the safer was her secret.

Most men and women have enemies in the world, and enemies are fond of having a stone put into their hands by fate, ready to throw at what they hate.

Those last words of the man who died, not by any “misadventure” but by his own hand, might become stones in the hands of those who hated her—stones that would hurt and sting in time to come, hitting not only herself but, through her, her son.

And she had many enemies, this woman of the iron will and loveless life.

She had not isolated her husband from all lesser ties, from all friendships, all companionship, without making bitter enemies of men, and women too, in the process.

It would be an ill thing for Lady Deane should these, and such as these, get hold of the idea that she had driven Sir Anthony to his death, that she had first rendered his life barren, arid, joyless, and then thrust him to the thought of death as a refuge from cruel life . . . . .

But no; it would never be. The world would never know. Her secret was safe. She had no fear. In the new sweetness of this sense of security, she was almost

gentle in the utterance of her next words to Daly.

“You would like to stay in my service?”

“I would like to stay with Master Edgar, my lady, if you are willing; I'd like to wait on him, and follow him all over the world, as I did his father before him. I'm getting an old man now, my lady; but may be I'll do as well for Master Edgar as a younger hand. I, as have carried him pick-a-back many's the time across the brook, and helped him set snares in the wood to catch the dicky-birds. He's growing a fine young gentleman, is Master Edgar. Lord, save us! Sir Edgar I should say now. He's a brave heart of his own, too, I know; that he has; but oh, my lady, I'm just scared—I'm fair, downright scared to think of him coming home from foreign parts to find this house so silent!”

Was she scared too?

He could not tell; for as he spoke she turned to the window, stood there looking out at the dreary winter landscape, and with a movement of her hand dismissed him.

“It's sorry work,” muttered the old man to himself as he went back to his pantry; “sorry work enough all this twisting one's words this way and that, like snakes in underwood; but there's one comfort as I can lay to heart, and that's this—master's clean out of the way of worry now; no one can't worry him no more, wish how they may. There's one thing I'd like to know, and it's this—I'd like to know if master knows how poor old Daly misses him. Eh, but he were a bonnie boy, was Master Anthony, time as he got the shelty pony, and straddle his bits o' legs across the broad back of it! ‘Daly,’ says he, ‘don't I cut a fine figure, my boy?’ and the rogue tipped me the wink, so he did, so as I was nigh smotherin' wi' laughter—”

Daly was making believe to clean the plate as he talked to himself in this quaint and homely fashion; but it seemed as if never yet was silver so hard to brighten. Was the dimness on the silver after all, or in the eyes of the old man who tried to rub it away?

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==1815.*

*The  
Scottish  
Widows'  
Fund.*

*1881.==*

*The Assets exceed  
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EXTRACT FROM

## Report of Directors

JANUARY 26, 1881.

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THE DIRECTORS are gratified in being able to report that the transactions of the past year have been eminently successful.

The NEW PREMIUMS amount to £18,845 (including £822 special single payments) as against £15,172 for the preceding year. There were issued 944 NEW POLICIES, assuring £544,841: 74 PROPOSALS were declined for assurances amounting to £75,805.

The CLAIMS by death were £183,854, being £9,396 less than the amount for the preceding year.

The INCOME has increased by £6,168, and now amounts to £279,852. The INVESTED FUNDS on the 31st of December, 1880, were £2,124,711, having been increased by the sum of £47,496 during the year. The average rate of INTEREST realised was £4 6s. per cent., as against £4 5s. for 1879.

The general EXPENSES OF MANAGEMENT, including Commission, notwithstanding the largely increased new business and augmented income, are £1,203 less than the amount for 1879.

It is with considerable satisfaction the Directors are able to report that upon every main item in the past year's accounts continued progress and improvement is shown. They attribute in some degree the success of the past year as due to the beneficial results now arising to sound and well-established Life Offices, through the publication of Accounts and Statements required by the Life Assurance Companies' Act—a result anticipated by the Directors and referred to on more than one occasion in their previous Reports.

KINNAIRD, *Chairman.*





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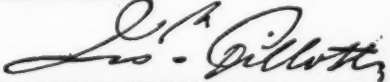
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